

No. 65

The Winning Team!  
**BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**

The **BATMAN**

A SUPERMAN  
DC PUBLICATION

IND

# Detective COMICS

JULY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU FELLOWS  
ARE A SWELL  
BUNCH OF  
HARD-HITTING  
CHARACTERS,  
AND -WHEW!  
- YOU HAVE  
TERRIFIC  
ADVENTURES!

ROBIN AND I  
WANT TO WELCOME YOU  
**BOY COMMANDOS**  
TO DETECTIVE COMICS!

GEE! THANKS,  
**BATMAN**, WE'RE  
GLAD TO BE IN  
SUCH GOOD COMPANY!



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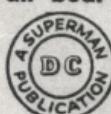
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# GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

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## THE LOST CARAVAN

By Waldo Fleming

It seems impossible that a whole caravan of fifty-six camels could have disappeared in the desert.

What had become of the camels and men?

What had become of the precious freight they carried, of ivory tusks, copper ore, and gold dust?

Suspicion was thrown on the hard-fighting Tuareg tribe of Nomads who made their shifting home in that region of the great Sahara. The French authorities, coming to investigate, were met by a wall of silence, baffled and blocked by the bitter enmity and constant fighting between the wandering tribes. Murder and plunder, deceit and cunning made the desert a place of danger and difficulty against which the French seemed helpless.

To Ifali and Burzak, two Tuareg boys, and their French friend, fell the exciting adventures which led, finally, to unraveling the mystery of the lost caravan and clearing the good name of Kel-Kadigi.

This is a fine mystery story, filled with the adventure and dangers of the trackless Sahara sands.

Ask for this book at your library.

## SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

KBKXE HUTJ EUA HAE HRATY ZNK GD UL  
ZNK GDOY!

# BATMAN

WITH  
ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER



STATE TROOPERS! ... THAT  
GALLANT BODY OF MEN WHO  
CARRY THE LAW WITH THEM  
INTO UNSETLED COUNTRY! IN  
EMERGENCIES THEY CARRY MAIL, ACT  
AS DOCTORS, AND RESCUE MAIL, ACT  
PERIL IS TOO GREAT, NO DISTANCE  
LOST AND SNOWBOUND! NO  
TIME IS TOO LONG TO TRAVEL AS THEY  
SPEED IN PURSUIT OF THEIR  
DUTY!

THIS IS THE TALE OF THESE  
UNSUNG HEROES OF OUR NATION'S  
POLICE SYSTEM! TO THEM... THIS  
STORY IS DEDICATED! HERE IS THE  
STORY OF HOW THE BATMAN AND  
ROBIN CAME TO LIVE AMONG  
THEM... AND WHAT HAPPENED  
WHEN THEY MET...

"THE COP WHO HATED THE  
BATMAN!"

LET US GO BACK TO FIVE YEARS AGO. BEFORE  
THE BATMAN TOOK DAREDEVIL YOUNG ROBIN  
UNDER HIS WING... BEFORE THE POLICE LOOKED  
WITH APPROVAL ON THIS "OUTSIDE THE LAW"  
RACKET-BUSTER.

SO LET US GO  
BACK TO A NIGHT  
IN THE YEAR 1957,  
WHEN THE POLICE  
WERE CLOSING IN  
ON TWO TRAPPED  
CRIMINALS...

MIKE NOLAN!  
NICK ROCCO!  
WE'VE GOT YOU  
SURROUNDED! WILL  
YOU COME OUT  
WALKING... OR  
ON STRETCHERST



HERE'S MY ANSWER,  
YOU BLASTED  
COPPERS! C'MON,  
MIKE ... USE  
THAT GAT... WHAT'RE  
YA WAITING  
FOR?

I...  
I...

FROM THE WINDOW RIPS A  
SCREAMING BARRAGE OF  
DEFIANT BULLETS ... HOLDING  
THE BLUECOATS AT BAY.

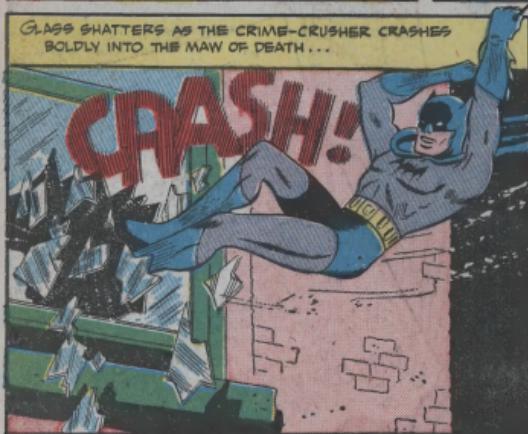
MAYBE IF  
WE CAN GET  
SOME TEAR  
GAS UP AT  
THEM...

HOW? WE'D  
BE CUT DOWN  
BEFORE WE  
TOOK A  
STEP...

SUDDENLY, THE POLICE GAPE  
AS A COSTUMED SHAPE SWINGS  
OVER THE DIZZY CHASM THAT  
YAWNS BETWEEN THE ROOF-TOPS.



Glass shatters as the crime-crusher crashes  
boldly into the maw of death ...



ALL RIGHT,  
BOYS... THROW  
DOWN YOUR GUNS  
AND MAKE  
IT EASY  
FOR YOUR-  
SELVES!

LOOK!  
UP THERE!  
THE  
BATMAN!

OH... THE  
BATMAN. EH?  
OKAY... YOU LEFT  
YOURSELF WIDE  
OPEN THIS  
TIME, CHUMP!



LOOK  
WHO'S  
TALKING!

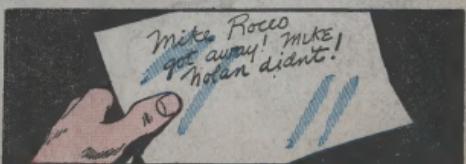
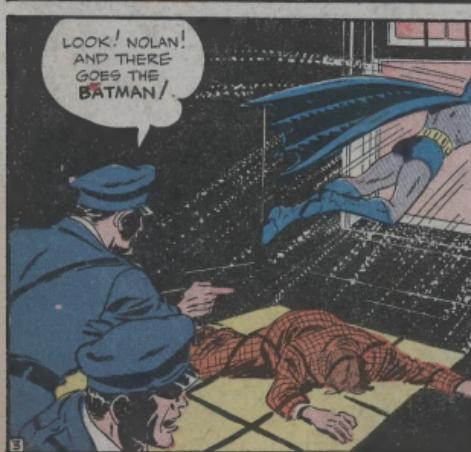
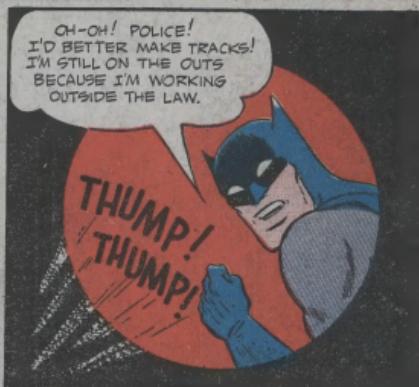
OOF!



ROCCO,  
YOU'RE ALL  
WASHED  
UP!

UGH





THE TIME...TODAY! THE PLACE...  
GOTHAM CITY! IT IS NIGHT,  
AND SUDDENLY A GIANTIC CONE  
OF LIGHT ETCHES AN EERIE  
SYMBOL AGAINST THE SKY!

SCANT MOMENTS LATER, TWO LITHE FIGURES LOPE SWIFTLY OVER CITY STREETS—  
BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!!!!

LIFT YOUR FEET, ROBIN! GORDON  
NEVER CALLS US UNLESS IT'S AN  
EMERGENCY!

WHY, THAT'S THE  
SEARCHLIGHT  
FROM POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS  
ROOF! THAT'S  
HOW THEY  
CALL THE  
BATMAN!

SAY, I  
SAW THAT  
ONCE  
BEFORE.  
WHAT IS  
IT?

YEAH...  
(PUFF...PUFF)  
WONDER  
WHAT'S UP?

SOON THE  
DYNAMIC DUO  
BURSTS IN ON  
THE POLICE  
COMMISSIONER.

HA! HA! TAKE  
IT EASY! NO  
CRIME-HUNTING  
THIS TIME! I JUST  
CALLED TO FIND OUT IF  
YOU WANT TO GO WITH  
ME ON MY VACATION!

GORDON!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

I'M GOING TO  
SPEND TWO WEEKS  
UP IN ONE OF OUR  
NORTHERN STATES...  
AT THE BARRACKS  
OF STATE  
TROOPERS!

I THOUGHT YOU  
AND ROBIN  
WOULD FIND IT  
VERY INTERESTING  
TO WATCH THEIR  
WORK AT FIRST  
HAND.

I WOULDN'T  
MIND! OKAY,  
GORDON,  
YOU'VE GOT  
COMPANY!

TWO DAYS TRAVEL BRINGS THE  
TRIO TO THE SNOW-COVERED  
MOUNTAIN OF A NORTHERN STATE...

IT'S SPRING AND THERE'S  
STILL SNOW  
UP HERE!

DON'T FORGET,  
ROBIN, THIS  
IS HIGH  
MOUNTAIN  
LAND.

HELLO, CAPTAIN...  
I'VE BROUGHT  
ALONG A COUPLE  
OF GUESTS  
BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!

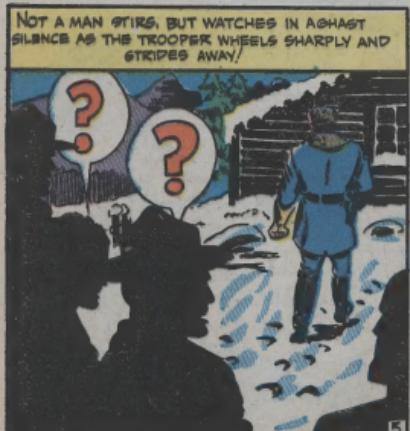
BATMAN AND  
RO...? I'M  
GLAD TO MEET  
YOU! WAIT  
TILL MY MEN FIND  
OUT ABOUT THIS!  
THEY'LL MOB  
YOU!

LOOK!  
THERE'S  
THE  
BARRACKS  
NOW!

AND THE EAGER TROOPERS  
DO MOB THEIR HONORARY  
FELLOW OFFICERS.

HOW ABOUT  
AN AUTOGRAPH?  
I'M  
SHAKING  
HANDS WITH  
THE BATMAN!  
BOYOBON!





THAT NIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HIS CHILDHOOD, THE BATMAN HAS A NIGHTMARE!

I'M NOT GLAD TO MEET YOU!

...NEVER MET YOU BEFORE. STILL DON'T LIKE YOU!

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

WHY?... WHY?

SUDDENLY, A FRENZIED CRY RINGS THROUGH THE BARRACKS.

WAKE UP, EVERYBODY! THE DAM HAS BROKEN! THE WHOLE VALLEY IS FLOODED!

IT'S THE SPRING THAW! THE MELTED SNOWS MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR THAT DAM!

...WE'LL NEED EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN TONIGHT!

FLOOD! THE ANGRY RIVER Torrent THunders THROUGH THE TOWN, SWEEPING DESTRUCTION BEFORE IT!

MAMA!

HELP!

POLICE BOATS CHUG THROUGH THE SWIRLING WATERS, PLUCKING A LIFE HERE AND THERE FROM DEATH'S COLD CLASP!

AND AMONG THE MOST VALIANT AND HEROIC OF THE POLICE IS TOM BOLTON!

GOD BLESS YOU, YOUNG MAN!

WHILE BATMAN AND ROBIN ALSO DO THEIR SHARE!

HELP! HELP ME!

HIGHER, ROBIN! UGH! THAT'S IT!



THEN BATMAN'S KEEN EYES SPOT THOSE HUMAN JACKALS WHO PREY ON CATASTROPHE—  
THE LOOTERS!



WHY, THE VERMIN! GET THAT MAN TO THE BOAT, ROBIN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE SCAVENGERS... PRONTO!



A LASSO LOOPS INTO PLACE, AND THE BATMAN'S MUSCLED FORM CANNON-BALLS INTO THE LOOTERS!



WHERE DID HE COME FROM?



WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT IS WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

DESPERATION LENDS COURAGE... EVEN TO RATS... AND A MAD ONRUSH SLAMS THE BATMAN OFF-BALANCE...



THAT GOT HIM!

BEFORE THE BATMAN CAN RECOVER, A HUGE LOG, RIDING THE WATERS, THUDS HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



ONLY ONE PAIR OF EYES SEES ALL THIS... EYES IN WHICH DOUBT WAVERS FOR A MOMENT... AS THE BATMAN SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES!

THE MAN I'VE HATED ALL THESE YEARS... DROWNING... I CAN LET HIM DIE WITH NO ONE BEING THE WISER... BUT YET... I...



I CAN'T DO IT...



ANGRY WAVES BATTER THE BRAVE TROOPER. YET, SOMEHOW, HE MANAGES TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO THE BATMAN'S SIDE...



...AND BRING HIM BACK TO THE POLICE BOAT!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE BARRACKS, THE BATMAN SEEKS OUT TOM...

THANKS, BOLTON! YOU KNOW, I CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT! YOU HATE ME... AND YET YOU SAVED MY LIFE! WHY?

I'D SAVE A DOG FROM DROWNING! I'M AN OFFICER OF THE LAW... IT'S MY DUTY TO SAVE LIFE... EVEN YOURS.

C'MON, BOLTON... WHY DON'T YOU SKIP THIS HATE STUFF? LET'S SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS!

I'D RATHER SHAKE HANDS WITH A RATTLESNAKE FIRST...

HE CAN'T TALK TO YOU THAT WAY! ILL...

EASY ROBIN... THAT BOY'S CARRYING AROUND A LOT OF TROUBLE AND IT'S UP TO HIM TO GET RID OF IT ALL BY HIMSELF!



ALONE IN HIS ROOM... TOM DRAWS OUT A SMALL STRONGBOX...



DAD! DAD! I STILL REMEMBER, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A POLICEMAN, SO I CHANGED MY NAME... BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU'RE MY FATHER!



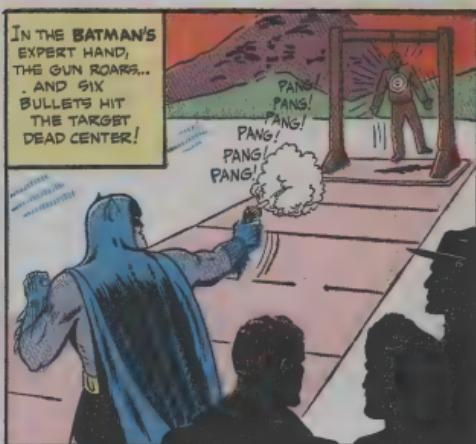
NOR THAT I'M MIKE NOLAN'S SON... AND THAT THE BATMAN SHOT YOU IN THE BACK!



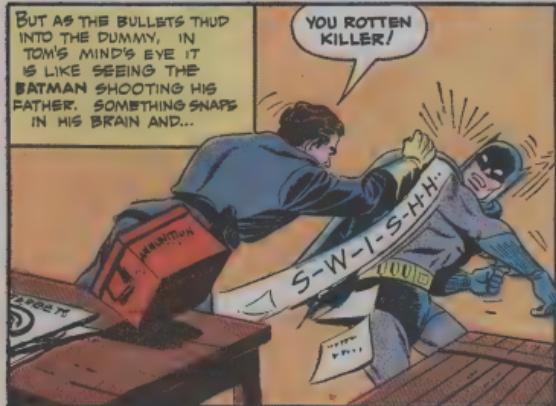
THE NEXT DAY...  
AS THE TROOPERS  
HOLD DAILY  
TARGET  
PRACTICE...



IN THE BATMAN'S  
EXPERT HAND,  
THE GUN ROARS...  
. AND SIX  
BULLETS HIT  
THE TARGET  
DEAD CENTER!



BUT AS THE BULLETS THUD  
INTO THE DUMMY, IN  
TOM'S MIND'S EYE IT  
IS LIKE SEEING THE  
BATMAN SHOOTING HIS  
FATHER. SOMETHING SNAPS  
IN HIS BRAIN AND...



A CLEARING  
IS MADE...  
THE TWO  
OPPONENTS  
SQUARE OFF...  
AND THE  
BATTLE BEGINS!



RELUCTANT BUT GRIM,  
THE DEADLY FIGHTING  
MACHINE THAT IS THE  
BATMAN BEGINS TO CRACK  
HOME WITH DYNAMITE  
FISTS!



YOU...DON'T THINK...  
THAT'S GOING  
TO STOP ME!  
C'MON...  
BATMAN!

BY HEAVEN, I'LL GIVE  
YOU SOME SENSE, IF I  
HAVE TO POUND  
IT INTO YOU!

IS...IS...THAT  
THE...BEST YOU  
CAN DO?  
I THOUGHT...  
YOU COULD  
HIT!

YOU  
STILL  
GETTING  
UP? YOU  
CAN TAKE  
IT, FELLA!

SORRY, TOM, BUT I'VE GOT  
TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR  
MISERY!

ALMOST BRINGING IT UP  
FROM HIS TOES, THE  
BATMAN HAMMERS HOME  
A FURIOUS DIRECT HIT,  
FLUSH ON THE BOY'S  
JAW!

NO ONE COULD GET UP AFTER THAT SLEDGE-  
HAMMER BLOW, YET TOM DOES THE  
IMPOSSIBLE!

C'MON...PUT UP...  
YOUR HANDS—  
C'MON...  
FIGHT!

KID, MY  
HAT'S OFF  
TO YOU!  
YOU'VE  
GOT PLENTY  
OF WHAT IT  
TAKES!

BUT THOSE TERRIFIC PUNCHES HAVE  
TAKEN THEIR TOLL... AND THE  
GALLANT LAD SUDDENLY SLUMPS  
FORWARD... BEATEN AT LAST!

C'MON...  
FIGHT...  
FI...  
AH-H-H-  
H...

OKAY, KID... HAVE IT YOUR  
WAY IF YOU WON'T THROW  
IN THE  
SPONGE.

THE NEXT DAY...TOM BOLTON  
REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIOR  
OFFICER...

BATMAN HAS  
ASKED ME NOT  
TO PRESS CHARGES,  
SO YOU ARE STILL  
ON DUTY! NOW  
TAKE YOUR  
PRISONER, 'SOAPY'  
JOB, TO THE  
TOWN PRISON!

WANTED  
FOR  
BLOWING  
UP  
THE  
CAT  
FISH

INSIDE THE PRISON BARRACKS...

I SEE YOUR SCRAP WITH THE BATMAN FROM THIS WINDOW. YOU SURE DO HATE THAT GUY, EH, TOM... NOLAN?

HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

I WAS IN THE SAME MOB WITH ROCCO AND YOUR POP! I SAW YOU AT YOUR HOUSE ONCE!

ROCCO! HE SAW BATMAN SHOOT MY DAD! IF ROCCO WOULD ONLY TELL THAT TO THE WORLD, EVERYBODY WOULD KNOW THE REAL COWARDLY BATMAN!

I CAN TAKE YOU TO ROCCO! HE'S HIDING OUT HERE IN THESE WOODS!

ROCCO HERE? C'MON, WE'RE GOING TO HIM!

BUT AS TOM AND HIS PRISONER LEAVE...

SURE...HE'S NOLAN'S SON! I HEARD THEM TALKING WHEN I WENT PAST THE ROOM!

GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T SEE YOU! HMM! NOLAN'S SON! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND A LOT OF THINGS!

DONNING SKIS, THE CRIME-BUSTERS FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF TOM AND SOAPY...

THERE THEY GO...TOWARD THAT CABIN!

SUDDENLY, TWO HANDS WHIP IN! ONE GRABS THE GUN, THE OTHER BECOMES A BUNCHED FIST!

OKAY, SOAPY... YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN!

INSIDE THE CABIN...

WHERE'S ROCCO? WHAT?

LIFT 'EM UP, COPPER! HIGH!

YOU POOR KID! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE NOLAN'S SON? I'D HAVE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH... THAT ROCCO SHOT YOUR FATHER!





A SCANT MOMENT AFTER,  
TWO MANTLED FIGURES SHOOT  
DOWNHILL AT EXPRESS TRAIN  
SPEED... TOWARD THE OPEN  
CHASM...

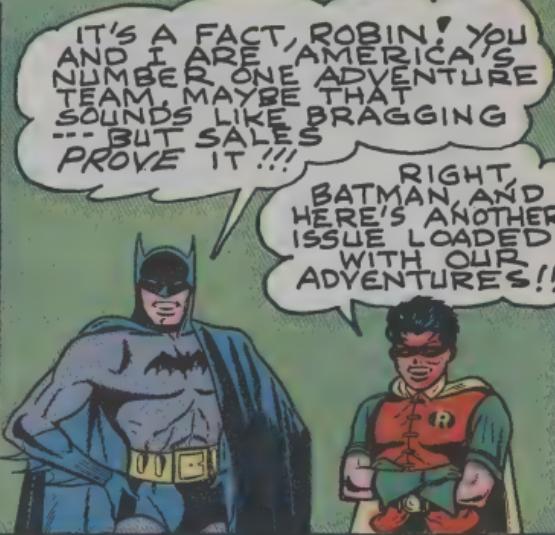
SUDDENLY, ARMS STRETCH OUT...  
REVEALING THE MANTLE BANDS  
TIED TO ANKLES! RESULT... WIND-  
CATCHING SAILS THAT GIVE  
ENOUGH LIFT TO CLEAR THE CHASM!



# The Winning Team.....

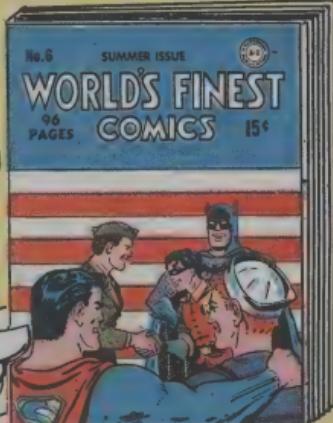


ON SALE JUNE 10<sup>TH</sup>  
AT ALL STANDS



## IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

YOWSAH, BUDDIES!  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE  
CONTAINING BOTH  
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!  
-- AND EVERY ONE OF  
THE 96 PAGES  
IS BRAND NEW!  
DON'T MISS  
THIS ONE!



ISSUE NO. 6  
NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!

# The Go! Commandos

by  
Joe Simon  
and  
Jack Kirby

## ORDER OF THE DAY

ALL COMMANDO UNITS  
STAND BY FOR ACTION... THE  
OBJECTIVE FOR TODAY IS THE  
VERAULT TANK FACTORY IN  
OCCUPIED FRANCE WHERE  
MARGINAL GOERING WILL MAKE  
AN INSPECTION... REPORT TO  
FLYING FIELD FOR PARATROOP  
EQUIPMENT... THIS IS A SUICIDE  
MISSION...

Rip Carter  
Captain

Most of us,  
a book of history,  
is dull... far from  
interesting.

For those men  
of whom it tells,  
those men whose  
deeds shape the  
destinies of all men  
... the world is an  
exciting place and  
its history, which  
they help to write,  
fraught with dangers.

Such a group of men  
are the Commandos,  
who at this very  
moment, are gallantly  
blazing across the  
bloodiest chapter of  
the annals of man... hoping to erase  
from its pages the  
memory of its  
foulest tyrants.

This is a tale from  
history, past and  
present, of those  
who wrote it and  
those who live it...  
IT IS NOT DULL





**G**HERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT A BOOK OF HISTORY...

**N**EITHER IS IT UNUSUAL FOR A MAN TO RECORD THE HAPPENINGS OF THE WORLD TODAY...

**B**UT WHEN THAT MAN HAS BEEN DEAD FOUR HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE OUR TIME... E... WELL, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN... ISN'T IT?

HIS NAME WAS **NOSTRADAMUS!** ALL HIS PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE! WAS HE A PROPHET? A MAN ENDOWED WITH SUPERNATURAL GIFTS? **NOSTRADAMUS** CLAIMED HE DID IT BY THE STARS... BUT, WE HAVE OUR METHODS, TOO!

FOR JUST AS **NOSTRADAMUS** CLEAVED THROUGH THE YEARS TO COME, SO WILL WE TURN BACK TO THE YEARS THAT WERE... ....TO THE YEAR 1566...



...AND ENTER THE COURT OF CATHERINE, QUEEN OF FRANCE...

AH...  
THE WISE DOCTOR  
NOSTRADAMUS!

IT IS I  
MY QUEEN!  
I HEAR YOU  
HAVE SENT  
FOR ME...  
BECAUSE OF  
MY PRE-  
DICTIONS

YES, YOUR  
HIGHNESS...  
GOOD DOCTOR, YET I  
MUST ADMIT, ALL  
THAT YOU HAVE  
FORETOLD IN  
THE PAST HAS  
COME TRUE!  
WILL STALK THE  
WORLD AFTER  
WE ARE  
LONG DEAD?

BUT FRANCE,  
MY LEARNED  
PROPHET, HOW  
WILL SHE FARE  
IN THIS WORLD  
OF THE  
FUTURE?

FRANCE WILL  
KNOW BLOOD AND  
GLORY... TYRANTS  
AND STATESMEN...  
BUT NONE SO  
INFAMOUS AS HE  
WHOM MEN WILL CALL  
THE **DARK LEADER!**  
...FOR HE WILL  
CONQUER FRANCE,  
FIRST WITH WORDS  
AND THEN WITH  
WEAPONS...  
YES, THERE WILL  
BE SAD DAYS  
FOR THE  
PEOPLE  
OF FRANCE

HAVE YOU  
SEEN THIS  
LEADER IN  
YOUR VISIONS?  
CAN YOU  
DESCRIBE HIM  
TO ME?

WILL FRANCE  
THROW OFF  
HIS  
YOKER?

OH...  
WHAT  
AN ODD  
BEING!

THAT IS A SKETCH  
OF HIM, MY QUEEN...  
HE APPEARS THUS  
TO ME!

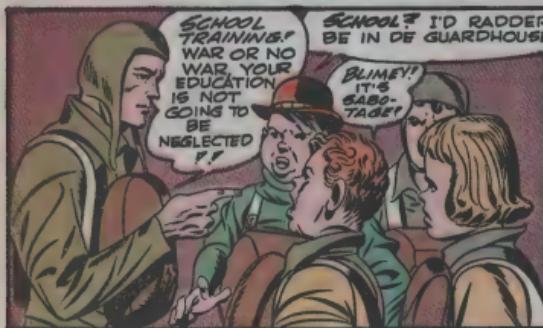
YET HE TOO SHALL IN TURN BE CONQUERED  
...AND HIS DARK LEGIONS DRIVEN FROM FRANCE!  
THE COMING OF MANY LIBERATORS WILL BE  
PRECEDED BY THE FEW! THEIR RANKS WILL BE  
FORMED BY WARRIORS  
OF MANY NATIONS...  
...AND THEY WILL  
ATTACK LIKE  
PHANTOMS OF  
THE NIGHT!





THERE WILL BE CHILD-WARRIORS AMONG THEM...  
...INNOCENTS OF GREAT COURAGE,  
WHO, LED BY A SOLDIER FROM  
THE NEW WORLD ACROSS THE SEA,  
WILL WRITE A GLORIOUS  
CHAPTER IN THE ANNALS OF  
FREE MEN!





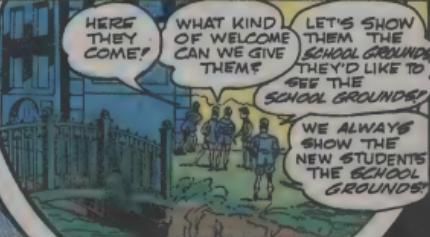




AS BROOKLYN SMARTS WHERE HIS PRIDE HAS BEEN HURT THE MOST, THE BELL SOUNDS FOR RECESS!!!!



WHILE THEIR FIRST MEETING WITH THEIR NEW TEACHER WAS NOT EXACTLY A SOCIAL SUCCESS, THE BOY COMMANDOS HAVE YET TO MEET THEIR CLASSMATES!



INTRODUCING THEMSELVES TO THE BOY COMMANDOS, THE EASTON STUDENTS OFFER TO TAKE THEM ON THE PRE-ARRANGED TOUR...



CARRIED AWAY BY THIS AWE-INSPIRING TRADITION THE BOY COMMANDOS COMPLY WITH THE RITUAL, UNAWARE THAT SCHOOL SPIRIT ALSO HAS ITS LIGHTER SIDE...



THEIR SCHOOL SPIRIT IS UNCREMONIOUSLY DAMPENED AS THE BOY COMMANDOS FIND THE GARDEN NO BED OF ROSES!





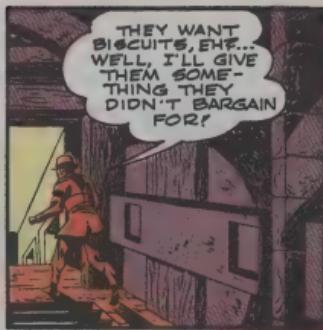
...INSTEAD HIS HAND REACHES BEHIND A SUGAR BOWL TO CONTACT A HIDDEN BUTTON.



THERE IS A LOW WINE OF MESHING GEARS AS THE CUPBOARD SWINGS ON CONCEALED HINGES, REVEALING A GAPPING ENTRANCE TO A DARK CORRIDOR!



THEY WANT BISCUITS, EH?... WELL, I'LL GIVE THEM SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR!



THE GARDENER DESCENDS A FLIGHT OF CREAKING STAIRS AND ENTERS A DIMLY LIT CHAMBER!



THEY ARE HERE, CAPTAIN. THE BOY COMMANDOS HAVE COME!

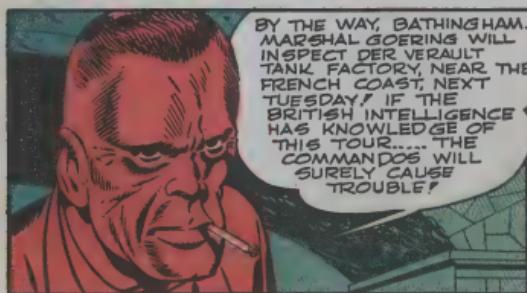


YOU KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, STAY CLOSE TO DER LITTLE EHNEIN! THEY MAY DROP A HINT OF A COMMANDO ATTACK.

IT WILL NOT BE HARD TO SECURE INFORMATION



BY THE WAY, BATHINGHAM... MARSHAL GOERING WILL INSPECT DER VERAULT TANK FACTORY, NEAR THE FRENCH COAST, NEXT TUESDAY! IF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HAS KNOWLEDGE OF THIS TOUR..... THE COMMANDOS WILL SURELY CAUSE TROUBLE!



I UNDERSTAND, HERR CAPTAIN... IF THE BRATS KNOW OF SUCH AN ATTACK, I WILL FIND OUT FROM THEM. .... HEIL HITLER!



I KNOW THE OL' GEEZER'S KIND, BUT HE DOESN'T HAFTA BAKE DOSE BISCUITS FOR US!

OUI.. WE MUST RETURN TO CLASS!

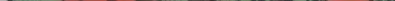
O'I'L WROTE THE OL' BOY A LITTLE NOTE! 'E'L UNDERSTAND!

COME! VE GO!



THE FOLLOWING MONDAY.. AT RECESS.

HI'YA, BATHINGHAM! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU BOYS! I'M SORRY YOU COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE BISCUITS LAST WEEK, BUT, IF YOU COME AGAIN TOMORROW I'LL HAVE A REAL TREAT PREPARED FOR YOU!





PAYS A LOT  
OF ATTENTION  
TO YOU, EH?  
... VERY INTERESTING!  
... EXCUSE ME A  
MINUTE, BOYS!

RIP WITHDRAWS TO HIS OFFICE AND  
PICKS UP HIS PHONE.

GET ME  
INTELLIGENCE!

MINUTES LATER, RIP EMERGES FROM HIS OFFICE  
AND ADDRESSES HIS MEN!

I'VE DECIDED TO CHANGE  
OUR PLANS! WE'RE  
GOING TO DROP  
IN ON MARSHAL  
GOERING...  
FROM THE  
AIR!

A  
PARACHUTE  
ATTACK!  
HOT  
DOG!

THE COMMANDO ATTACK IS GEARED TO  
THE SECOND... AND AS THAT SECOND  
ARRIVES, THE ENGLISH COUNTRY-  
SIDE RESOUNDS TO THE MIGHTY  
ROAR OF ENGINES. WHILE THE  
WINGS OF HUGE TRANSPORTS AND  
FIGHTING PLANES THROW OMNI-  
OUS SHADOWS ON THE CHANNEL  
WATERS BELOW...



AT THAT  
MOMENT,  
ON  
THE  
GROUNDS  
OF  
THE  
VERAULT  
TANK  
FACTORY  
IN  
OCCUPIED  
FRANCE!

WELCOME, MARSHAL GOERING!  
YOU CAN PROCEED WITH THE  
INSPECTION WITH THE  
UTMOST ASSURANCE OF  
SAFETY! ALL  
PRECAUTIONS  
HAVE BEEN TAKEN  
AGAINST ANY  
FORM OF DANGER!

WELL  
DONE,  
MAJOR!  
DER FUHRER  
SHALL HEAR  
OF YOUR  
EFFICIENCY!

VERAULT TA



INSIDE THE FACTORY...

HERE COMES  
THAT FAT  
PIG, GOERING,  
NOW!  
OU!!  
THE  
BRUTAL  
DOG!





THE MAIN BODY OF THEIR TROOPS GUARDING THE BEACHES, THE RESISTANCE OF THE NAZI FORCE AT THE FACTORY IS RAPIDLY BROKEN... AS THE COMMANDOS SWEEP ONWARD... WREAKING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



IN THE REIGNING CONFUSION, THE FRENCH WORKERS GIVE VENT TO THEIR PENT UP HATRED OF THEIR BRUTAL CONQUERORS!



THE COMMANDOS MEANWHILE, DEMOLISH EVERYTHING OF VALUE IN THEIR PATH! THE VERAULT TANK FACTORY BECOMES A SHAMBLES!



COMPLETING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TANK WORKS, RIP CARTER REORGANIZES HIS MEN FOR A QUICK ESCAPE!



HAD IT ALL PLANNED TO AMBUSH US AT THE BEACH, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, WE COMMANDOS HAVE LITTLE IDEAS OF OUR OWN... LIKE THIS ONE!



THE COMMANDOS  
QUICKLY  
PILE INTO  
WAITING  
PLANES  
AND  
ARE  
OVER  
THE  
CHANNEL  
BEFORE  
THE GERMAN  
TROOPS  
FROM THE  
BEACH  
HURRY TO  
THE  
SCENE?



UPON RETURNING TO ENGLAND, THE  
BOY COMMANDOS CLEAN UP FOR A  
HARD EARNED FURLOUGH!

BOY! WHAT  
A FIGHT!  
I MISSED  
SOCKING  
COERING  
BY AN  
INCH!

I WONDER WHY  
RIP CHANGED  
THE TACTICS AT  
THE LAST  
MINUTE!

REPORT TO MY OFFICE  
AS SOON AS YOU'RE DRESSED  
AND YOU'LL FIND OUT  
WHY!



WHEN  
THE  
BOYS  
ENTER RIP'S  
OFFICE, THEY FIND!...



I'M AFRAID YOUR FRIEND,  
BATHINGHAM IS A FIFTH  
COLUMNIST LADS! AN EX-  
PROFESSOR WHO HAD BEEN  
DISMISSED FROM HIS PROFESSION  
AND HAD TO EARN HIS LIVING  
AS A GARDENER... A GRUDGE  
HE ALWAYS KEPT AGAINST  
HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN  
AND WHICH MADE  
HIM TURN  
TRAITOR!

THAT CUPBOARD OF  
HIS HID MORE THAN  
COOKIES... BUT THE  
INTELLIGENCE  
CLEANED OUT THAT  
SPY'S NEST IN  
TIME!

BLIMEY!  
THE BLOKE  
MOT'VE  
GIVEN US A  
POISONED  
FEED!

Y'AIN'T SENDIN' US  
BACK TA DAT SCHOOL,  
ARE YA? LOOKIT  
DE CLASS O' PEOPLE  
WE MEET! Y'ALL  
RUIN OUR PURE  
CHARAC-  
TERS!

NOTHIN' DOIN'  
LITTLE ANGELS,  
YOU'RE TO REPORT  
TO MISTER CHIBBS..  
RIGHT AFTER  
FURLOUGH!

YA  
CAWN'T  
WIN,  
I  
TELL  
YA!

PREDICTIONS OF NOSTRADAMUS  
NEXT MONTH, THE BOY  
COMMANDOS SHALL  
TRAVEL TO THE SANDY  
WASTES OF LIBYA.  
THERE WILL BE  
BATTLES IN THE DESERT,  
DEATH-DEALING TRIBES-  
MEN AND JOURNEYS THRU  
THE SEALED TOMBS OF  
THE BURIED ANCIENTS.

WISE WILL BE HE WHO BUYS  
THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
DETECTIVE COMICS...  
FOR HE SHALL FIND A  
THOUSAND THRILLS.

# Boys' *Scouts*

HERE'S THE MOST PRACTICAL  
KNIFE YOU EVER USED!

Sharp enough to cut a single hair  
and sharp enough to instantly  
changeable blades only a dime  
choice of eight shapes, double or  
single edge. Buy it at your deal-  
er's or Boy Scout store. Sets CLADES  
\$1.00 to \$3.50.

CHANGEABLE  
INSTANTLY

8 Blade  
Types

KEENEST  
KNIFE BLADES  
EVER  
MADE

X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS COMPANY  
Dept. DC, 440 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

## 15 Pan American Sets 10c

To attract approval applicants of the better type,  
we are making the following amazing offer:

From our good neighbors in the Western Hemisphere  
comes 15 complete sets 10c complete. Mexico 10-  
83 complete; Canada 10-84 complete; Puerto Rico  
100-167; Barbados, 100-167; Newfoundland,  
2 values; Colombia, BA3-4; Bolivia, Fawn,  
2 values; Peru, Map. and 8 values; Guatemala,  
273, etc., 8 values; Brazil, 8 values; Chile, 110-  
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We will send all these for only 10c to sincere  
approval applicants. Kindly state whether you  
wish "On Approval" singles or sets or both.

Approval Headquarters

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268-4th Avenue, New York City Dept. 237

## Fireworks

Oh  
Boy!

THINK OF IT! An assort-  
ment of over 1000 pieces of  
fireworks worth \$6.65 for  
\$2.95 cash with order. We  
have the famous "ZEBRA"  
flash crackers. World's loud-  
est. 100 FREE salutes with  
every order...Free catalog.

BANNER FIREWORKS, DEPT. A Box 173, W. TOLEDO, OHIO

## Super-Wonder Packet Offered

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (oblong), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHU-  
KIA (map), CHINA (map), INDIA (map), GUATEMALA (map), GUADELOUP (sugar refining), COSTA RICA (triangle),  
MARTINIQUE (view), BRUNEI (Boating). This entire packet for only 2c to  
approval applicants. Ships well-contrasted lists free  
with each order. KENT STAMP CO., G.P.O.  
Box 87 (6), Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAY, COUSIN---THE NEWSBOY LEGION  
WITH THE GUARDIAN COOK WITH  
GAS IN THIS SWELL MAGAZINE!

ON SALE  
NOW!

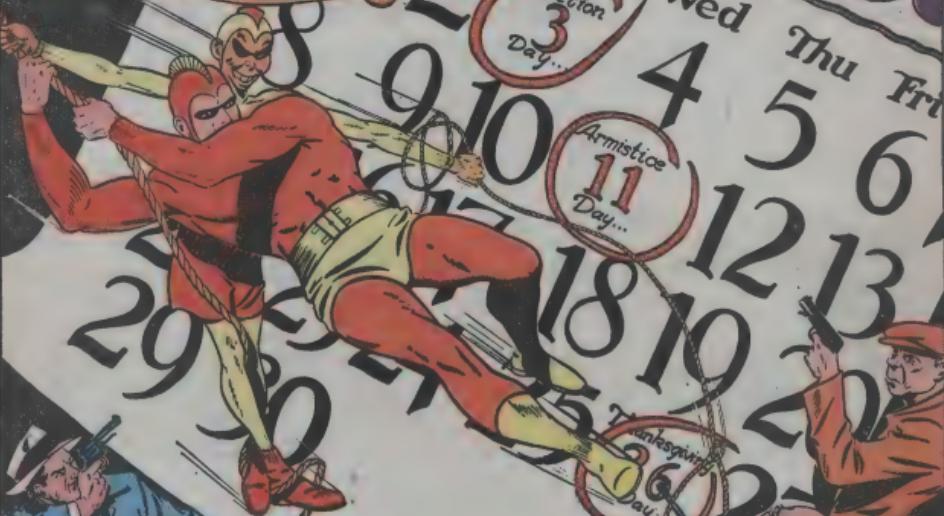
PLUS THE  
STAR-SPANGLED  
KID AND OTHER  
ACTION-PACKED  
FEATURES!



THE

# CRIMSON AVENGER

BY JACK LIGHT



MEET THE MOST BIZARRE BAND IN THE HISTORY OF GANGDOM—THE "HOLIDAY HOODS"—MOBSTERS WHO MULCT THE METROPOLIS WHILE ITS CITIZENS CELEBRATE THE FESTIVE EVENTS OF THE CALENDAR! FOR ON HOLIDAYS, WHEN ALL STOP WORK TO PLAY, CRIME GOES TO WORK FOR PAY—EXACTED FROM MERRYMAKERS AT THE PONTS OF BLAZING GUNS—and MARKS UP THE CALENDAR IN LETTERS OF LEAD... UNTIL THE CRIMSON AVENGER CLASHES WITH THE "HOLIDAY HOODS" IN "THE RED LETTER DAY CRIMES!"

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY... AND FUN-SEEKING CROWDS THROG NEW YORK! AT MADISON TRIANGLE GARDEN....

OH, AL, DO LET'S SURE LOOKS GO IN-I'VE LIKE THE WILD ALWAYS WANTED WEST. OKAY, TO SEE A HONEY, I'LL GET RODEO! SOME SEATS!



AND WITHIN, IN THE PRESS BOX, SITS LEE TRAVIS, PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE-LEADER....

RANCHER'S HOG CALLING CONTEST YOU BETCHA ME, MIST' IS NEXT, WING — TLAVIS! ALL SHOULD BE SAME, SOUND GOOD! VELLY INTLESTING!



TO THE FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE HILARIOUS HOG CALLING COMPETITION GETS UNDER WAY!



THE HOG CALLING CONTEST ENDS... AND DURING THE INTERMISSION, A COLLECTION IS MADE FOR 'THE FRONTIER FUND'....

COME ON, FOLKS — SHELL OUT! YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE OLD TIMERS OUT WEST TO GO HUNGRY!



AND THEY "SHELL OUT" FOR A VERY EXCELLENT, SIX-SHOOTING REASON!

STEP ON IT, SISTER, AND HAND OVER THOSE SPARKLERS — OR I'LL DRILL DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!



SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON OVER THERE, WING. THOSE PEOPLE ARE GIVING THEIR MONEY RATHER TOO EAGERLY! AND I COULD SWEAR I SAW THE GLINT OF GUN METAL!

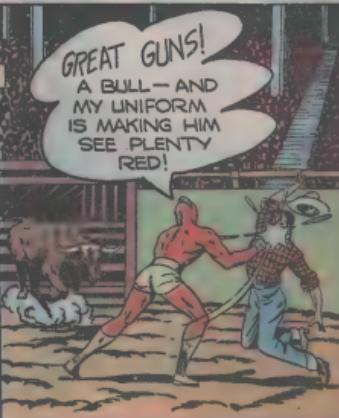


THEN, IN THE SHADOWS BENEATH THE SEATS — A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION!

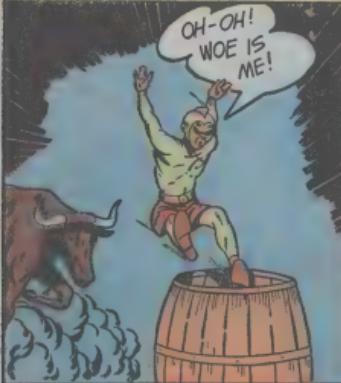


FOR THESE TWO ARE NONE OTHER THAN THAT FAMED CROOK-HOLDING DUO, THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING!





THEN, WING PROVIDES TEMPTING BAIT FOR THE RAMPAGING BEAST!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER, AND THE BULL'S HORNS THUD INTO THE BARREL, SPINNING IT LIKE A TOP!



IN THE CONFUSION, THE GANG MAKES GOOD ITS ESCAPE!



WELL, WING, THERE THEY GO IN THAT CAR. THEY GOT AWAY—THIS TIME! YOU'D BETTER TAKE THIS FELLOW TO THE HIDEOUT....



AT THE CRIME RING'S HEADQUARTERS—A LONG-ABANDONED UNDERGROUND GARAGE!



HUDDLED, SPIDERLIKE, OVER AN ANTIQUE, SLOPING DESK IS THE MAN WHOM GANGLAND KNOWS—AND FEARS—AS THE "LITTLE CLERK"!

FIVE THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND SIX DOLLARS! EXCELLENT, SIMPSON, EXCELLENT! I CAN SEE YOU'RE DUE FOR A RAISE!



THANKS,  
BOSS!

THE PAY-OFF!

A MAGNIFICENT DAY'S WORK, GENTLEMEN! OUR BOOKS ARE BALANCED—OUR ACCOUNTS SETTLED. HERE ARE YOUR PAY ENVELOPES.... SEE YOU NEXT "HOLIDAY"! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

GOOD  
NIGHT,  
BOSS!



NEXT DAY! THE BRIEF HOLIDAY OVER, NEW YORKERS GO BACK TO WORK... AMONGST THEM CLUTHER MEAKENS— FOR THIS SMALL AND HUMBLE "LITTLE CLERK" HAS A JOB JUST LIKE ALL THE REST OF US!

HMM, HOPE I CAN MAKE THE 8:15!



AND ON THE DOT OF NINE, THIS MOUSELIKE LITTLE MAN (UNDERWORLD EMPEROR ON HIS DAY OFF) ENTERS THE OFFICES OF SNEED & CHOKE, INC.



WEEKLY, HE SITS AT HIS DESK....

MEAKINS! HAVEN'T YOU GOT THOSE INVOICES YET? YOU'RE TOO SLOW—SNAP OUT OF IT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR JOB!

ILL HAVE THEM FOR YOU RIGHT AWAY, MR. SNEED, SIR—I'LL HAVE THEM RIGHT AWAY!

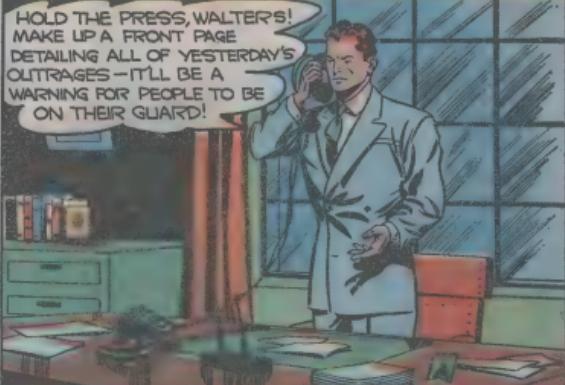


HOW I HATE THAT MAN! BUT SOON I'LL BUY HIM OUT....VERY SOON!



IN HIS OFFICE AT THE GLOBE-LEADER, LEE TRAVIS....

HOLD THE PRESS, WALTERS! MAKE UP A FRONT PAGE DETAILING ALL OF YESTERDAY'S OUTRAGES—IT'LL BE A WARNING FOR PEOPLE TO BE ON THEIR GUARD!



# HOLIDAY BANDITS STAGE NATIONWIDE HOLDUP!

BOX OFFICES LOOTED

TOLL BRIDGES HUACKED

LATER, THE SCARLET ROCKET-WRECKER SPEAKS WITH A VERY GRATEFUL CAPTIVE GANGSTER!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE YESTERDAY! FINE, MALLETT! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO PAY YOU BACK-ANYTHING!

I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU! NOW, JUST TELL ME...



AND YOU SAY THEY PLAN TO STRIKE AT THE OPENING OF WONDRO THE MAGICIAN?

RIGHT! ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY! THEY ALWAYS STRIKE ON HOLIDAYS-HOLIDAYS BRING OUT CROWDS-AND BIG SPENDERS!



DAYS LATER....WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, AND THE FIRST NIGHT OF "WONDRO THE MAGICIAN"!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MY FIRST TRICK WILL BE A ....SURPRISE!

HMM, HE HASN'T SAID THE HALF OF IT!



A MYSTERIOUS OBJECT-BULKY, DRAPED IN BLACK-IS PLACED IN WONDRO'S HANDS....

GEE, MOM, WHAT'S THAT? THIS IS EXCITING!

SH, DEAR! WAIT AND SEE!



JUST ONE SECOND.... AND YOU WILL SEE THE MOST ASTOUNDING TRICK OF ALL TIME!



PRESTO!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, NOW YOU WILL KINDLY HAND OVER YOUR MONEY AND VALUABLES TO MY COLLECTORS WHO WILL PASS AMONG YOU! NO TRICKS—OR I'LL SPRAY YOU WITH LEAD!



IS THIS PART OF THE SHOW?

NO, LADY....BUT YOU CAN SHOW ME ALL THE DOUGH YOU'VE GOT- HAW! HAW!



THEN, STEALTHILY, LEE TRAVIS PRODUCES A GLASS CAPSULE...

NOW—THIS IS WHERE A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN IN RED COMES IN!



WITH LINERRING AIM, HE HURLS THE CAPSULE. IT BREAKS ON THE STAGE...AND A CLOUD OF CRIMSON SMOKE BILLOWS FORTH!



AND THROUGH THE BLOOD-RED BATTLE SMOKE LEAPS....THE CRIMSON AVENGER!



BUT IN THE SHADOW OF THE WINGS, A SINISTER HAND SNAKES OUT—GRASPS A LEVER!



A PULL OF THE LEVER—AND A TRAPDOOR SPRINGS OPEN!



STUNNED BY THE FALL....THE AVENGER AWAKES TO FIND HIMSELF A CAPTIVE IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DREADED "LITTLE CLERK"!



TRY ANY TRICKS, WISE GUY, AND YOU'LL GET MORE HOLES IN YOU THAN A SWISS CHEESE!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY... THAT ADDING MACHINE... IT MIGHT WORK....



INCH BY INCH, THE AVENGER'S FEET EDGE SO YOU'RE TOWARD THE DESK! THE GREAT CRIMSON AVENGER! HAW-HAW!



THEN....TOES NUDGE THE SHAKY LEG OF THE DECREPIT DESK!



THE PONDEROUS ADDING MACHINE CRASHES DOWN—  
AND THE GUARD IS OUT!

SORRY—BUT I  
THINK ALL THIS  
ADDS UP TO  
AN ESCAPE!

FOR HERE IS A SMOLDERING  
KEY TO FREEDOM!



AT LAST THE ROPES FALL AWAY,  
AND THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTER  
SPEEDS OFF TO HIS HEADQUARTERS  
WHERE WING AND MALLET WAIT!

WE'RE OFF TO THE TORCH-LIGHT PARADE!" LITTLE CLERK'S STRIKING THERE NEXT!



SLOWLY, AGONIZINGLY THE CIGAR  
BUTT BURNS THROUGH THE BONDS!



THIS.... SHOULD....  
DO... IT...

MINUTES LATER, AND THE TRIO GAZES DOWN UPON THE SPLENDOR OF THE FAMOUS  
TORCHLIGHT PARADE—CLIMAX OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION!

I KNOW THESE  
ROOFTOPS, AVENGER!  
HAD SOME-AH-BUSINESS  
UP HERE ONCE. WE CAN  
KEEP PACE WITH  
THE PARADE!

AND STRIKE AS  
SOON AS THE  
"LITTLE CLERK"  
SHOWS HIS HAND—  
SPLENDID!



SUDDENLY...AN AMBULANCE SCREAMS ITS DESPERATE WAY UP THE CROWD-PACKED STREET.



BUT THIS "AMBULANCE" IS ON NO ERRAND OF MERCY... A HIDDEN PANEL SLIDES BACK... AND A VIOLENT CANNON IS ALL SET FOR ITS DEATH-DEALING

TASK!

W-WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE- STOPPING THE PARADE?

ER-THIS IS THE MEANING! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, EVERYBODY....



MY COLLECTORS WILL PASS AMONG YOU FOR CONTRIBUTIONS. I WARN YOU TO GIVE GENEROUSLY, AND NOT TRY ANY TRICKS OR I SHALL BLOW YOUR VERY EXCELLENT MAYOR TO KINGDOM COME!

BUT-SUDENLY AS A STREAK OF LIGHTNING-THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS HELIUM-FILLED TWIN COLOSSUS SWING INTO ACTION!



A SHELL HURLETS SKYWARD-MISSING THE PLUMMETING CRIME-CRACKER BY PERILOUS INCHES



THEN, AN ATTACK FROM THE REAR, AS WING AND  
MALLET RUSH INTO THE FRAY!

I'D LIKE  
YOU BOYS  
TO GET  
TOGETHER!



YOUR HOUR HAS  
COME, AVENGER—  
I NEVER MISS  
WITH THIS  
LITTLE TOY!



YOW!

THIS HOT  
SEAT IS "SHAPE  
OF THINGS TO  
COME"—MAYBESO,  
PERHAPS?



VIGOROUS MINUTES LATER—AND  
THE "HOLIDAY CRIMES" ARE ENDED!

WELL, INSPECTOR, THE WHOLE CITY  
OWES YOU A VOTE  
OF THANKS—AND IT  
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL  
GET IT!



NOT  
FORGETTING  
WING, PLISS!

THEN—THE TRIUMPHANT TORCHLIGHT FINALE TO A HARD DAY'S WORK WELL DONE!

WELL, WING, HOW  
DOES IT FEEL  
TO BE A  
HERO?

INDEED,  
VELLY NICE!  
SOON THEY  
CELEBRATE  
MY BIRTHDAY  
MAYBESO,  
I BETCHA!



THE  
CRIMSON  
AVENGER  
GOES ON HIS  
CRIME-CRUSHING  
SCARLET-STREAKED  
PATH IN EVERY  
ISSUE OF—

DETECTIVE  
COMICS

FOLLOW THE RED  
ROBIN HOOD OF  
JUSTICE IN NEXT  
MONTH'S ACTION-  
CRAMMED NUMBER!

DON'T  
MISS  
IT!



# SPY

THE FIGURE OF A MAN SCURRIES THROUGH THE HALLS OF WASHINGTON'S OFFICE BUILDINGS -- AND LEAVES BEHIND HIM A TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! AN ENTIRE NATION IS THROWN INTO WILD FEAR AS DOOM THUNDERBOLTS THROUGH THE CAPITOL -- UNTIL BART REGAN, DAZING SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE, FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST INANIMATE THINGS WHEN HE ENTERS ...

"The case of the... MAN WHO SOLD DEATH!!"



AS HURRYING CLERKS CARRY OUT WAR ORDERS IN A GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WITHIN A PRIVATE OFFICE...

I'LL TAKE THIS FOUNTAIN PEN SET--IT IS PRICED VERY REASONABLY.

YES--WE SALES MEN DO OUR BEST TO GIVE YOU GOOD BUYS! WELL, GOOD DAY!

GUESS I'LL SIGN THIS DEFENSE ORDER WITH MY NEW PEN!



THE PEN IS LOWERED TO THE DESK--THE NIB PRESSES AGAINST THE PAPER ...



Later...THAT DAY...INSIDE  
ANOTHER GOVERNMENT  
BUILDING...

I DIDN'T  
ORDER MY  
TYPEWRITER  
CLEANED...  
BUT...IT'S  
A GOOD  
IDEA!

YES--A  
GOOD  
IDEA--A  
VERY  
GOOD  
IDEA!!

MINUTES LATER...

I WONDER WHO WAS  
THOUGHTFUL ENOUGH  
TO SEND THAT TYPE-  
WRITER MAN? OH,  
WELL, NOW TO CATCH  
UP WITH MY WORK...



But...AS FINGERS LIGHTLY  
TOUCH THE KEYS...



IN OFFICE AFTER OFFICE,  
INNOCENT PENS, PENCILS,  
TYPEWRITERS AND A HOST  
OF SUPPLIES BECOME  
AGENCIES OF DEATH!!

AND AT  
SECRET  
SERVICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

RACING TO THE HOSPITAL, BART  
REGAN ANXIOUSLY QUESTIONS  
THE INJURED STENOGRAFHER...



ER--MR. REGAN,  
WOULD YOU DO  
ME A FAVOR?  
YOU'LL FIND MY  
SON AT THIS  
ADDRESS--IT'S  
A DAY NURSERY..  
TELL HIM NOT  
TO WORRY!

OF  
COURSE,  
MRS.  
HARRISON!  
BE GLAD  
TO!



QUICK  
STRIDES  
BRING  
HIM  
SHORTLY  
TO THE  
DAY  
NURSERY, WHERE...

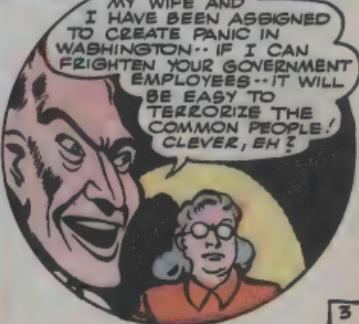
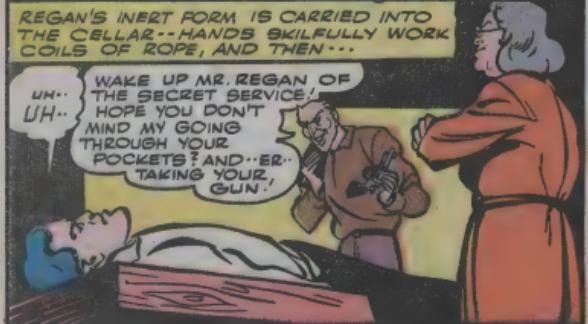
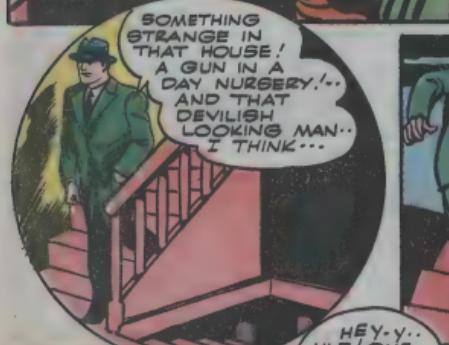
KNOW WHERE I  
CAN FIND JIMMY  
HARRISON? I'VE  
A MESSAGE  
FROM HIS MOTHER--  
SHE WAS INJURED  
IN AN EXPLOSION!

YOU DON'T SAY--  
MARTHA--  
GENTLEMAN  
HERE ASKIN'  
'BOUT  
JIMMY!





THROUGH NARROWED EYES, REGAN NOTICES A DEADLY LUGER IN THE TOP DRAWER OF THE DESK ...



IN THIS SOUND-PROOF CELLAR, I INSERT EXPLOSIVES INTO THE OFFICE SUPPLIES WHICH I SELL SO CHEAPLY! WHO WOULD THINK OF CHECKING A HARMLESS DAY NURSERY TO FIND WHAT MAY BE STORED BENEATH IT?

JUST SO YOU WON'T GET LONELY, REGAN--I'M LEAVING YOU COMPANY---A BOMB!!

LET'S LEAVE -- HURRY!!!

THE CONSPIRATORS' QUICK FOOTSTEPS DIE AWAY!  
There--

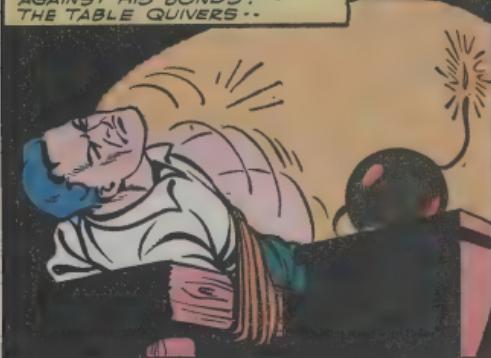
THOSE SPARKS--THEY'LL KEEP ME FLYING!---  
BETTER WORK FAST!!



XERTING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH, REGAN HEAVES AGAINST HIS BONDS!-- THE TABLE QUIVERS--

--and then--

OUFF!! GOOD THING THAT BUZZARD TIPPED ME ABOUT THE CELLAR BEING SOUND-PROOF!



HMM-- COLD WATER STEAM PIPES! AND-- THE COLD WATER PIPE HAS AN OLD-FASHIONED AUXILIARY FAUCET THAT CAN BE TAPPED!

REGAN'S HEELS DIG INTO THE CELLAR-FLOOR--AND SLOWLY-- INCH BY INCH--THE BURDENED MAN FORCES HIMSELF CLOSER TO THE PIPES--!



GOT TO MAKE IT!  
--I JUST GOT TO  
MAKE IT!!



BOUND HANDS FUMBLE FOR THE COLD WATER FAUCET, AND--

NOW TO DIRECT THIS COLD WATER AGAINST THE STEAM PIPE!



EDGING HIS FINGER UNDER THE SPUTTING FAUCET--REGAN DIRECTS A STREAM OF COLD WATER AGAINST THE HOT STEAM PIPE---

THIS IS GOING TO BE DANGEROUS--BUT SO IS THAT BOMB THAT'S TICKING AWAY SO MERRILY!



THE ICY WATER PLAYS AGAINST THE STEAM PIPE A FEW SECONDS, AND--

UGH!

THE OLD-FASHIONED STEAM PIPE BURSTS WIDE OPEN--



WHWEE!! I WAS LUCKY!! NOW TO GET A SHARP FRAGMENT!

MINUTES LATER...

HURRY!! WE WANT TO BE FAR AWAY WHEN THAT BOMB EXPLODES!!



But--AS TWO PAIR OF FEET REACH THE BOTTOM PORCH STEP--



WH? THAT'S A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED FROM YOU.

THANKS FOR "STRINGING" ALONG! NOW LET'S UP AND AWAY, AS SUPERMAN SAYS!



Bust!!



OVER CONFIDENCE IS A DANGEROUS THING, MR. REGAN!

AHHHHH...





SEE  
**SPY**  
NEXT  
MONTH  
IN  
**DETECTIVE COMICS**  
for  
ANOTHER  
EXCITING  
EPISODE!!!

# NO MORE GHOSTS

by John Hilton

THEY were very angry, the man and the woman, and they almost collided with Tim Hahn, who was entering the real estate office of Jasper Queen. Flash Smith, who accompanied Tim around town as the other half of the "Ask It-Pose It" column, hastily moved his photographic paraphernalia out of the way.

The door slammed behind the outgoing pair. Jasper Queen, a worried look on his face, mopped his brow with a white handkerchief, and said: "Whew! I should have told them." He essayed a feeble grin in Tim's direction. "I almost thought I had a buyer for the Peeble Place."

"That?" Flash cut in. "Now you know it's impossible to rent that place. Oh, by the way, this is Tim Hahn. He's running that new column I'm doing the pictures for."

Jasper Queen extended a moist hand. "Glad to know you." He shook his head. "But I'm in no condition to be interviewed today. Not that I don't think you've got a good idea in that new column, son. It's just that I've been trying so long to get that Peeble Place off my hands and now I almost thought I had it."

"Until somebody told your customers the house is supposed to be haunted," Flash supplemented. "Maybe you'd better tear it down."

"Tear it down?" The realtor's voice rose indignantly. "Even in its present condition, that house is in better shape than any other in town." He snorted. "Haunted—that's what they say it is. Just because some gangsters got killed in it during Prohibition days. I bought it from the Government because I thought it was a good investment."

"Just a moment." Tim's voice was low. "You surely don't believe in ghosts, Mr. Queen?"

"I should say not," the real-

tor exploded. "But the tenants I've had in there all have left. They swore they heard strange noises in the night. Everybody in town believes it's haunted but me." He looked suspiciously at Tim. "Say, you're not going to write a story about it, are you? I've got enough trouble with the gossip that's around."

Tim smiled. "It would make a swell story, and perhaps put the column over. No—wait!

"Here's what I mean," Tim explained. "Suppose Flash and I stayed overnight in that place? Then, in the morning we could prove, by picture and word, that there's no such thing as a ghost. If we hear a noise, it might be a blind flapping. We photograph it. Then . . ."

"Say!" Queen's face lighted up. "That's really an idea." He clapped Tim on the shoulder. "If you could do that, son, prove that place is a fine house for somebody, I'd . . . I'd . . ."

"You'd be giving me a fine story," Tim finished. He added: "And what a heading for the column: 'Ask It-Pose It Interviews Ghost That Isn't There'." He shook hands with Queen. "Give me the keys. Tomorrow night, if it's okay with the chief, I'll do it."

There was one thing about the Clovertown Clarion. Its editor, Edward Macy, knew a story when he saw one. Thus, he fell in readily with Tim's plan. "I intended to send you up to State Prison tomorrow," he said, "to interview Lucky Benson. He used to run this town before the FBI nabbed him on a bank robbery. Tomorrow will be his tenth year in jail, and I thought maybe we could interview him and get some pictures. But this idea of yours has plenty. I'll play it up in the morning edition and the next day you do your story." He grinned. "If you meet the ghost, ask him to do a column for us."

"I'd sooner see Lucky Benson," Flash muttered, "than a ghost." He shook his head. "Maybe you could get him to tell where he hid the money he stole. No one's ever been able to find it."

Next evening, Flash was still worried as he followed Tim through the front door of the old mansion. In Tim's arms was bedding, provided by Mr. Queen, who had assured the reporter there were plenty of beds and other furniture in the house.

Inside, Tim deposited his burden on an old table. Flash watched him nervously. "I don't like this," Flash said. "It's spooky." He jumped as a loud report came into the confines of the musty room.

Tim grinned. "Blinds," he said. "Our first picture. Go outside and find out which one is loose and take a shot of it. We've got plenty of plates and flash bulbs." Smiling, he watched Flash go out. Then, his flashlight swept through the hallway and up the stairs leading to the bedrooms.

Mr. Queen had been right. Tim's inspection showed. The house was really well constructed. It was too bad that superstition kept it from being used.

Wind rattled the windows. Tim, fixing sheets on the old four poster bed, saw the first few drops of rain splatter on the dirty panes. He had intended to open the windows, but now this would be impractical. The mustiness of the rooms would have to be suffered until the rain stopped.

Forked lightning flashed into the room, following a gigantic thunderclap. Flash, his face white, ran upstairs. "We'd better be going home," he chattered. "This is going to be some storm. Come on!"

"Nothing doing." Tim looked at his watch. "I think this is as good a time as any to go to bed." He indicated the bedding. "You can fix your own

bunk. There's a bed in the connecting room."

Something in Tim's voice kept Flash from arguing. He picked up the bedding and went inside. Fifteen minutes later, lying awake in the darkness, Tim heard Flash's snores. He smiled. This was going to be a simple assignment. All he had to do was to stay awake and, in the morning, write the story.

But sleep has a deceptive way of stealing upon one and before Tim knew it, his eyes had closed.

With a start, he awakened. The radium dial on his watch said two o'clock. He had been asleep for hours. The storm had subsided and the house was very still. Even Flash had ceased snoring.

In shirt sleeves, Tim sat on the side of the bed. He felt disgusted with himself for having gone to sleep. Suddenly, his body stiffened, became rigid. Ears attuned to the hallway, Tim sat very still. Had he heard a board creak? He listened intently as the noise was repeated. Then, on tiptoe, he went into the next room and roused Flash.

The other bolted upright in bed, struggling to free himself of the hand Tim had placed over his mouth.

"Sssss," Tim whispered. "I just heard a noise. Listen."

Both newspapermen held their breath. The noise had changed now, a sort of rhythmic tapping. It filtered upstairs.

"The . . . the . . . ghost . . ." Flash gasped. His eyes were wide as half dollars.

"Nonsense," Tim whispered. He was surprised to find his voice trembling. "Get your camera set up. We're going to track that down." He shielded the flash with his hand while Flash got ready. Then, stepping cautiously, they went out into the hall, following the progress of the sound.

A door slammed somewhere. Flash started. "I'm . . . I'm . . . making a run for the outside," he said. "This place is really haunted!"

Tim's fingers bit into his arm. "Get a grip on yourself."

The door leading to the big study was open and from it came the tapping noise! Silently, Tim and Flash crept toward it, nerves tense, and looked in.

Tim suppressed a gasp. There was someone in there! A short, stocky someone who was tapping with a chisel against the bricks of the fireplace!

"It's . . . it's the ghost," Flash whispered.

"A pretty live one," Tim returned. "Get the picture while I rush him."

Bright light illuminated the room like a shaft of lightning as Flash's bulb went off. The man at the fireplace whirled to meet Tim's charge. His hand darted to his pocket as Tim tackled him.

A cry came from Flash's throat as somebody struck him violently behind the head, propelling him into the room. He struck the floor heavily. A voice barked: "Get up from there!"

Tim blinked at the flashlight in the man's hand. He had come up behind Flash; he must have been outside. Rough hands pushed Tim. The short, stocky man got to his feet, gasping for breath. "Get up," he said to Tim. There was a gun in his hand.

The other man said: "Where'd these babies come from, Lucky?" He indicated Flash who was sitting up, groaning.

Tim started, looked at the small man. "Lucky?" he gasped. "Lucky Benson? You're supposed to be in prison."

Benson's hand slapped Tim's face. "You're a smart boy," he said. "But you won't be smart long. I broke stir tonight and . . ." He stopped short. "Take care of these two, Joe. I'll get the dough."

"All right, you two. Stand up." Joe's eyes were cold and hostile.

Lucky was removing a brick from the fireplace. Now a satisfied exclamation came from his lips. I've got it all, Joe. Here it is."

Tim's eyes stared incredulously at the packets of greenbacks Benson was taking from

the hiding place. Into his mind came what Flash had said. The missing payroll. All the time it had been hidden in this house! And Benson, breaking jail, had headed here to retrieve it!

Joe spoke up. "What do we do with these two?"

Benson's laugh was ugly. "Kill 'em and leave. Nobody'll find them here." He looked at Flash. "Just what were you two doing in this house anyway? I understood the place was supposed to be haunted."

Flash's teeth chattered as he tried to answer the killer. Joe's eyes turned to him. It was just the opportunity for which Tim had been waiting. His hand flashed behind him. There was a loud report, like a shot!

Crash! Benson whirled, looked toward the door. "Get the other one!" Tim cried to Flash. His body collided with Benson's. Tim's shoulder went up beneath the man's chin. Pain shot through it at the contact. Benson groaned, then slumped to the floor.

Joe was trying to extricate himself from the tangle of Flash's arms and legs when Tim brought the flashlight down on his head. The gangster's body jerked spasmodically, then was still.

Fifteen minutes later, Flash brought back an excited chief of police, two policemen, and Mr. Queen. The gangsters were securely tied, but murder glowed in their eyes. Mr. Queen slumped into a chair, mopping his moist brow. "I—I shouldn't have let you boys do it," he said. "You—you might have been killed." His eyes looked around the room, excited. "You didn't find any ghosts?" he whispered.

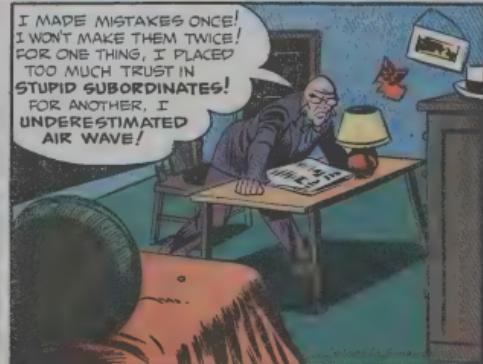
Tim laughed, helped Flash gather up his equipment. "No," he said. "But you'd better ask Benson." He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a flash bulb. "Benson must have thought he was hearing ghosts when I dropped one of these behind me!"

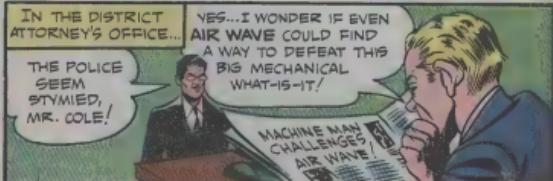
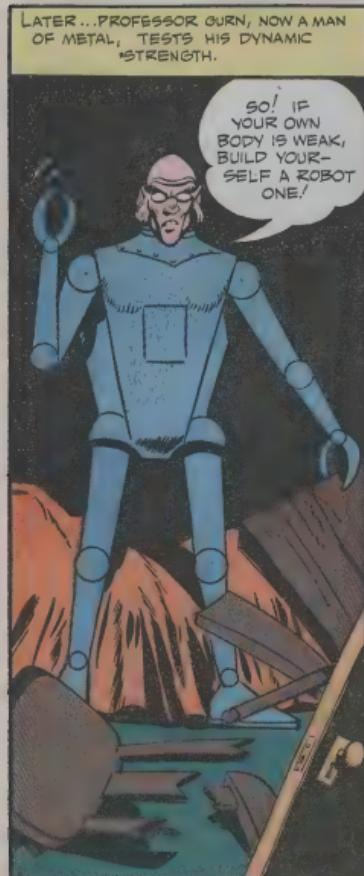
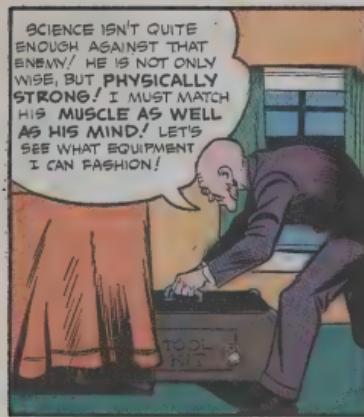
**THE END**

# AIR WAVE



IT'S THERE, IN THE FORM OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY, FOR ANYONE WHO CAN SEIZE IT... AND AIR WAVE, WITH AMAZING SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT, MAKES HIMSELF A CREATURE OF EXPLOSIVE ACTION AND BEWILDERING SPEED TO BATTLE ARROGANT EVIL! NONE CAN STAND AGAINST HIM... UNTIL PROFESSOR GURN, SAVANT OF CRIME, ARRAWS HIS OWN SCIENCE TO COMBAT AIR WAVE IN "THE MACHINE MAN."





EXIT QUIET  
LARRY JORDAN—  
ENTER AIR  
WAVE! A QUICK  
TWIST OF A DIAL  
ON HIS RADIO  
BELT AND EAR-  
PHONICS HUM  
WITH A POLICE  
CAR WARNING!

CARS NO. 62 AND  
63 GO AT ONCE TO  
CORNER OF STARR  
STREET AND WICKARD  
DRIVE! MACHINE MAN  
SEEN THERE! THAT  
IS ALL!



AT THE CORNER  
OF STARR AND WICKARD...

NO TRACE OF THAT  
MACHINE  
MAN. THINK THE  
WHOLE  
THINGS  
A GAG!  
I CAN'T LET THEM  
THINK THAT! EVERY  
ONE...MUST BELIEVE  
IN ME AND FEAR  
ME! I'LL MAKE  
AN EXAMPLE OF  
THESE IDIOTS!



GAG, BHT YOU  
DARE TO THINK  
I AM A FRAUD? I'LL  
DEMONSTRATE!



Suddenly  
A COLD COMMAND  
FLASHES FROM  
THE METAL CAR.

I'LL SMASH  
YOU BOTH  
TO BITS!



THE MACHINE  
MAN WHIRLS TO  
MEET HIS FOE...  
BUT ENCOUNTERS  
EMPTY SPACE!

WHERE...WHERE  
ARE YOU?



THERE  
ARE MORE  
OF US...  
BEHIND  
HERE!

BEHIND  
HERE,  
TOO!

WE'RE  
CLOSING  
IN FROM  
THIS  
DIRECTION!

THERE MUST BE  
DOZENS! THEY'LL  
SURROUND ME! I'M  
DEPARTING  
AT ONCE!



BUT WE  
HEARD YOU  
RIGHT HERE  
ON THE  
SPOT! YOU  
SAVED OUR  
LIVES!

NO! I WAS AT A DISTANCE,  
BUT I TUNED IN WITH MY  
RADIO ON THAT METAL BODY  
AND HEARD YOUR DANGER!  
WITH MY BELT MIKE, I BROAD-  
CAST MY VOICE AND STARTLED  
HIM INTO RELEASING YOU!  
NOW LET'S GET HIM!



IN A SHORT TIME, AIR WAVE'S ELECTRICAL SKATES OVERTAKE THE GURN.

STOP!  
FIGHT IT  
OUT!

AIR WAVE!  
THEN THOSE MANY  
VOICES WERE ANOTHER  
OF YOUR TRICKS!

WE MEET AGAIN,  
AIR WAVE! THIS  
TIME I, TOO, HAVE  
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT!

I DON'T SEE  
ANY ARMOR ON  
THAT UGLY HEAD!  
I'M GOING TO SLAP  
IT RIGHT OUT FROM  
BETWEEN THE EARS!



BUT, LIKE A TURTLE...  
PROFESSOR GURN SNAPS BACK  
HIS HEAD INSIDE HIS METAL SHELL!



NEXT MOMENT, A MIGHTY  
ARM SENDS AIR WAVE  
SPRAWLING—



BUT AIR WAVE, THOUGH  
FALLEN, CLAMPS A WRESTLING  
LOCK ON THE HUGE MECHANICAL LEG.

DOWN  
AND OUT!  
NOW I'LL  
FINISH  
YOU!

FINISH,  
HUFF! YOU  
HAVEN'T  
EVEN  
BEGUN  
ON ME!



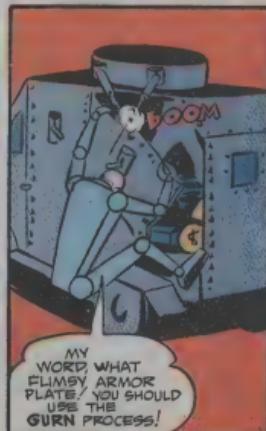
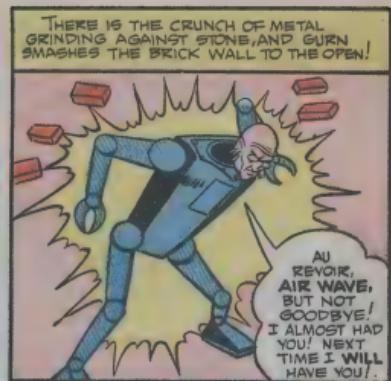
ABRUPTLY, THERE IS THE ANGRY HISS  
OF UNLEASHED GAS FROM ONE OF THE  
PINCERS IN PROFESSOR GURN'S METAL HAND.



NOW  
YOU'RE  
DOWN! THAT  
MAKES US  
EVEN!



YES! AIR WAVE,  
WE'RE EVEN!  
BUT WE'RE NOT  
QUITTS!





BUT AS GURN MAKES READY TO  
CONTINUE HIS FLIGHT...



THE ENRAGED PROFESSOR CHARGES!



BUT THE AGILE AIR WAVE LEAPS...



DOWN...DOWN...DOWN...AND GURN  
MEETS THE SAME FATE HE INTENDED FOR  
AIR WAVE!



HIS ROBOT CONTRAPTION IS NO MORE...

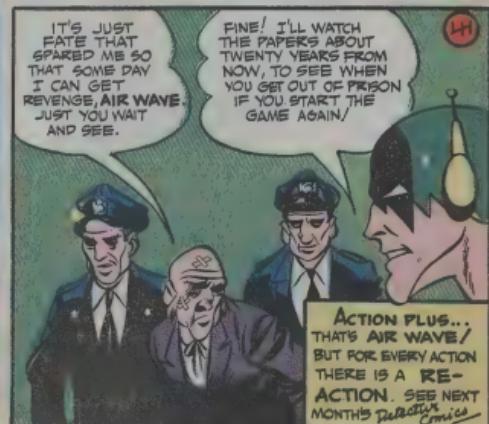


WATCH HIM. HE'S  
TRICKY.



IT'S JUST FATE THAT SPARED ME SO THAT SOME DAY I CAN GET REVENGE, AIR WAVE. JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE.

FINE! I'LL WATCH THE PAPERS ABOUT TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW, TO SEE WHEN YOU GET OUT OF PRISON IF YOU START THE GAME AGAIN!



## How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

Brother Jim is in the Navy,  
Brother Tom's an Air Cadet,  
And Cousin Hank's a-building tanks,  
But I must wait and fret!

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"  
But it's hard to concentrate  
On olden wars and ancient lores,  
And stuff so out of date!

War Geography has got me!  
Every name is like a sneeze!  
From Oahu to Waipahu,  
From Minsk to Celebes!

Miquelon and Madagascar,  
Guam, Tokruk and Mandalay—  
They give me pain inside my brain,  
And fill me with dismay!

They're the reason tires are scarce,  
And the car is "on the shelf."  
But why should I complain' and sigh?  
I've got a 'bike, myself!



Its coaster brake's a Morrow,  
(That's a tip I got from Dadi)  
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,  
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

Famous for more than 40 years!  
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,  
long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake.  
Your bicycle dealer can furnish  
a Morrow Coaster Brake on  
any bike—ask for it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • ELMIRA, N.Y.

**MORROW**  
**COASTER BRAKE**



# PRIVATE PETE

by  
HENRY BOSTINHOPE



MOPPING FLOORS - WASHING POTS -  
WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT?



THIS K.P. DUTY IS REAL WOMAN'S  
WORK !



MOPPING  
FLOORS!  
PEELING POTATOES!  
WASHING  
POTS!

OH - A REAL SOLDIER - I BET  
YOUR DAY IS FULL OF  
EXCITEMENT !



# SLAM BRADLEY

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY  
DOG" ---

THAT WAS THE MOTO  
OF DUKE DART---THE  
BIG SHOT RACKETEER  
UNTIL SOMEBODY DID---  
TO THE TUNE OF FIFTY  
THOUSAND DOLLARS!  
IT TOOK SLAM BRADLEY  
AND SHORTY MORGAN,  
THOSE TWO TROUBLE-  
SHOOTING JAW-  
SLAPPERS TO UNTAKE  
THE MESS THAT  
RESULTED WHEN THEY  
FELL INTO THE  
BAFFLING ...

"MYSTERY of the  
Priceless  
Pooch"!



I NEVER SAW SO MANY PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT TO HIRE A COUPLE OF FIRST CLASS DETECTIVES! IF WE DON'T GET A CASE PRETTY SOON, I'LL EAT MY HAT--AND I MEAN IT!

HEY!  
LOOK!

SINCE WHEN DID THE DOG-CATCHER START CARRYING A ROD?

KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, EVEN THUGS HAVE GOT DOGS THAT RUN AWAY!

OKAY, BUDDY! NEVER MIND DE LOVEY-DOVEY STUFF!

JUST A SECOND, KING KONG! I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE!

SO YOU DON'T LIKE OUR ATTITUDE, HAH? HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

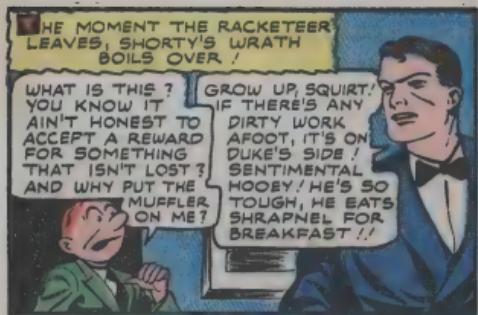
I'LL BITE! HOW DO I LIKE IT, IMPETUOUS?

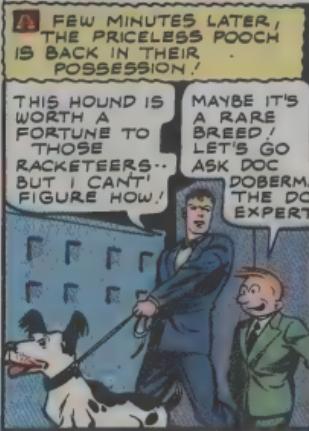


AND NEITHER DOES POOCHY, HERE!









STUMPED AGAIN !  
WHY SHOULD  
THAT MUTT BE  
WORTH ALL  
THIS FUSS ?

MAYBE IT KNOWS  
WHERE THE BODY'S  
HIDDEN OR SOME-  
THING, SLAM !

LITTLE MAN, I  
BELIEVE YOU'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
THERE ! YOU'VE  
GIVEN ME AN  
IDEA !

OUCH ! AND YOU'VE  
JUST GIVEN ME  
A BLACK AND  
BLUE SPOT !

INSPECTOR, THIS  
IS SLAM BRADLEY !  
HAS DUKE DART  
BEEN MIXED UP  
IN ANYTHING  
BIG LATELY ?

WE THINK SO ! WE'VE  
BEEN TRYING TO PIN  
A FIFTY-THOUSAND  
DOLLAR BOND THEFT  
ON HIM BUT WE CAN'T  
LOCATE THE LOOT !

COME ON, MIRACLE  
MAN ! UNWITTINGLY,  
YOU'VE PROBABLY  
HANDED THE  
BRADLEY- MORGAN  
AGENCY A JUICY  
CASE !

DON'T MIND ME !  
I EVEN THOUGHT  
WE ALREADY  
HAD A  
CASE !

PRESCRIP

CAN YOU STOP  
MUMBLING TO  
YOURSELF LONG  
ENOUGH TO  
TELL ME WHERE  
WE'RE GOING ?

TO BUY A  
PORK CHOP  
AND UPSERT  
SOME  
APPLECARTS !

THAT'S NICK RAUS'S  
HEADQUARTERS DOWN  
THERE ! YOU DRAG THE  
CHOP PAST  
THERE AND  
MAKE SURE  
NOBODY SEES  
YOU 'WAIT IN  
THE TAXI !

OKAY, PAL ! IF THE  
BUTTERFLY SQUAD  
DOESN'T PUT ME IN  
A STRAIGHT-  
JACKET  
FIRST !

GO GET  
IT, BOY !  
FOLLOW  
THAT  
PORK  
CHOP !

BOW-  
WOW !!  
WOWOORER !

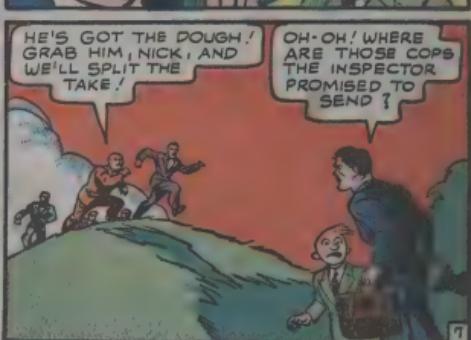
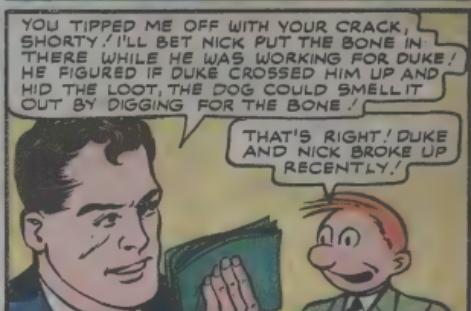
AS SLAM HAD HOPED, HIS MAD DASH  
IS DISCOVERED BY ALIEN EYES !

LOUDER, TOOTS !  
PRETEND YOU'RE  
A BLOODHOUND !

WOOF.  
WOW-  
WOW !!

NICK ! LOOK !  
HE'S GOT DE  
POOCH !!









**ADVENTURE  
THRILLS  
ACTION!**



LOOK  
FOR THIS  
TRADEMARK  
FOR THE BEST IN  
COMIC MAGAZINES!



# NOW ON SALE

# PRESENTING

*the New DAISY*

# DEFENDER

## 1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)



**FREE!**

Send post card  
for Daisy Air  
Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual  
of Arms (military drills, com-  
mands, shooting positions, etc.)  
—both sent **FREE**. Write now!



## Get the Famous RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

If you can't get a Daisy Defender, join the hundreds of thousands of boys who own the RED RYDER Cowboy Carbine—the most popular Daisy in history! Features: Golden Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong knotted to Ring—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—RED RYDER'S picture, signature and Horse "Thunder" branded on Pistol Grip Stock. At your Dealer's, or send us \$3 and we'll mail CARBINE postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)



BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 667 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.



## Featuring

★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming)★  
DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down)★ AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on)★ FULL LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE★ LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds)★ OVAL STOCK—WALNUT FINISH

IN THIS  
BEAUTIFUL  
CARTON



# THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

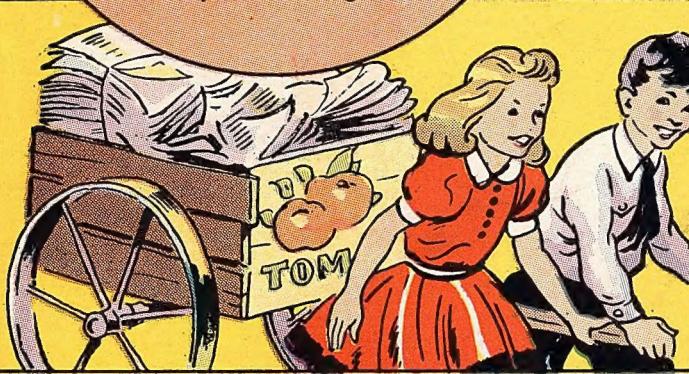
THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



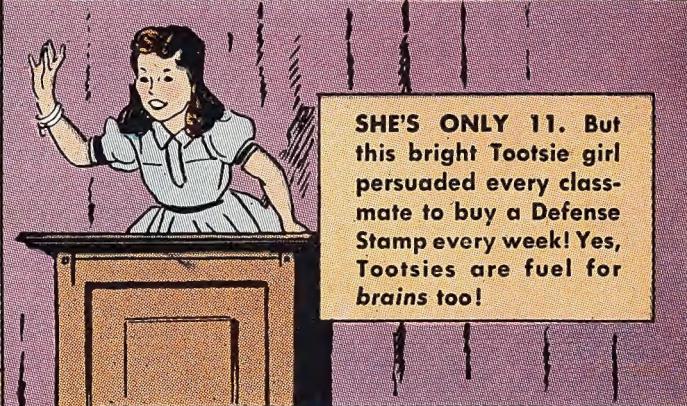
THIS Tootsie FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go..



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!

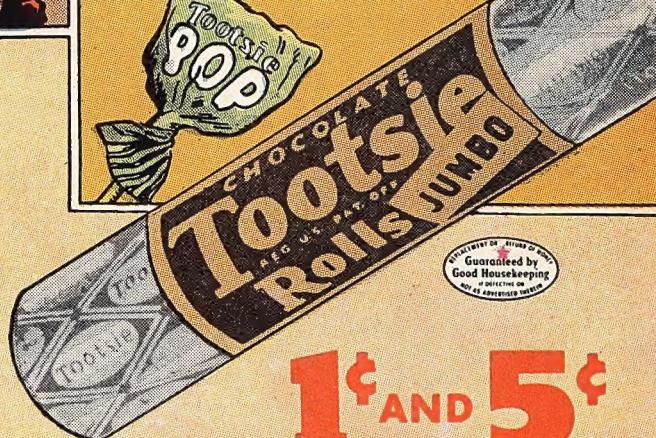
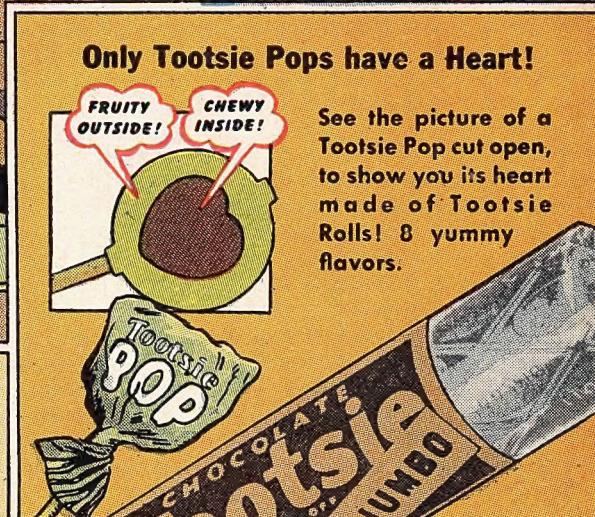


SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



## UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!



**1¢ AND 5¢**

EAT A Tootsie A DAY  
ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!

**SUPERSCAN**